Inimicus Patriæ,

Or a New

SATYR

Againſt

The Horrid Plot,

Being

Set forth in its own Colours.

REaſon once King in Man, Depos'd and gone,
Chaos and Ruin ſeis'd the Injur'd Throne.
Thus did of old, the hands and feet Rebell,
And 'gainſt the Head to Dire Rebellion fell.
Thus Head-long Crowds to Mad Sedition Run
And by their own baſe Factions are undone,
What *Circean* Charm, what *Hecataean* Spight
Should Subjects thus Involve in deeds of Night,
No more let Subjects their Dire Cheats Conceal,
Treaſon it ſelf, ſhould Treaſon's ſelf Reveal.
'Tis ſtrange, and rare, that Free-born-men, ſhould be
Their own Contrivers for their Slavery.
Seditious Idiots think the Name of King
To be ſome baſe, or leaſt unhallow'd thing,
But if the Voyce of Man-kind, be the Voyce
Of Heaven, we're ſure that Kings are Heav'ns choyce.
Great *Charles* in every chance is prov'd Divine,
A Noon-day-Star at his great Birth did Shine;
Wonders did wait him from his Birth to's Crown,
Enough to beat all Rebel Traytors down.
Thus Royal *JAMES*, when from the fatal Ore,
Neptune from's threatning Wave's Securely bore;

Who

*EBCS. A 100. 683

Who is there, can forget the unhappy Day,
When he at the wild Waves rude Mercy lay,
The Waves knew him a Prince, & Swam their way.
Thus Pious Princes ſtill protected are,
The Gods protecting them, protected are.
What home-bred Malice, or Domeſtick Jar,
Could have the Impudence to raiſe a War
Againſt a Prince ſo mild, ſo good, ſo great,
Whoſe Life, Heav'ns Choyceſt Wonders do await,
Witneſs that Pious *Oak*, who Sacred Love
To our Dread *Charles* was Influenc'd from above;
Witneſs the Helliſh-Plots of Popiſh ſpies,
When Forreign Foes, would 'gainſt great *Albion* Riſe;
Witneſs this preſent Plot of Eighty Three
Where *Hell* was Cheif in the Conſpiracy;
Where Rebel Subjects Sought with Impious Hand,
In Bloud, and Ruine, to Imbroyle the Land. (ſice
Nor Stoop they here—Nought could their rage Suf-
But *Charles*, and *James* muſt fall their Sacrifice,
What Juſt rewards to ſuch ill deeds are Due,
Juſtice ſtill hath, and ever will purſue.
Traytors, at laſt to their own Greif will find
The Gods were never Deaf, nor like *Tireſias* Blind.

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